TROY HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, DEC'R 2, 1874.

Pulaski.

A Legend of the Revolution.

It was at the battle of Brandywine that Count Pulaski appeared in his glory. As he rode, charging into the thickest of the battle, he was a warrior to look upon and never forget. Mounted on a large black horse, whose strength and beauty and shape made you forgive the plainness of the caparison. Pulaski himself, with a form six feet in height, massive chest and limbs of iron, was attired in a white uniform, that was seen from afar, relieved by the black clouds of battle. His face, grim with the scars of Poland, was the face of a man who had seen much trouble, endured much wrong. It was stamped with an expression of abiding melancholy. Bronzed in hue, lighted by large, black eyes, with a lip darkened by a thick moustache; his throat and chin were covered with a heavy beard, while his hair fell in raven masses from beneath his trooper's cap, shielded with a ridge of glittering steel. His hair and beard were of the same hue. The sword that hung by his side, fashioned of tempered steel, with a hilt of iron, was one that a warrior alone could lift.

It was in this array he rode to the battle, followed by a band of three hundred men, whose faces, burned with the scorching of a tropic sun, or hardened by northern winters, bore the scars of many a battle. They were mostly Europeans; some Germans, some Polanders, some deserters from the British army. To be taken by the Brittish would be death, and death on the gibbet; therefore, they fought to the last gasp, rather than mutter about "quarter." When they charged it was as one man, their three hundred swords flashing over their heads, against the clouds of battle. They came down upon the enemy in terrible silence, without a word spoken, not even a whisper. You could hear the tramp of their steeds, you could hear the rattling of their scabbards, but that was all. Yet when they closed with the British, you could hear a noise like that of a hundred hammers, beating the hot iron on the anvil. You could see Pulaski himself, riding yonder in his white uniform, his black steed rearing aloft; as he turned his head over his shoulders, he spoke to his men:

"FORWARTS, BRUDREN, FORWARTS!"

It was but broken German, yet they understood it, those three hundred men of sunburnt faces, wounds and gashes. With one burst they crashed upon the enemy. For a few moments then the ground was covered with dead, while the living enemy scattered in panic before their path.

It was on this battle day of Brandywine, that the count was in his glory; he understood but little English, so that he spoke what he had to say with the point of his sword. It was a severe lexicon, but the British soon learned to read it, and to know it, and to fear it. All over the field, from yonder Quaker meeting house away to the top of Osborn's Hill, the soldiers of the enemy saw Pulaski come and learned to know his name by heart. That white uniform, that bronzed visage, that black horse, with burning eye and quivering nostrils, they knew the warrior well; they trembled when they heard him say: "Forwarts, Brudren, Forwarts!"

It was in the retreat of Brandywine that the Polander was mostly terrible. It was when the men of Sullivan—badly armed, poorly fed, and shabbily clad—gave way, step by step before the overwhelming discipline of the British host, that Pulaski looked like a battle fiend, mounted on a demon steed. His cap had fallen from his brow. His bared head shone in an occasional sunbeam, or grew crimson with the flash of the cannon or rifle. His white uniform was rent and stained; in fact, from head to foot he was covered with dust and blood. Still his right arm was free—still it rose there, executing a British hireling when it fell—still his voice was heard, hoarse and husky, but strong in its every tone—"Forwarts, brudren, forwarts!" He beheld the division of Sullivan retreating from the field; he saw the British yonder, stripping their coats from their backs, in the madness of pursuit. He looked to the South for Washington, who, with the reserve, under Greene, was hurrying to the rescue; but the American Chief was not in view. Then Pulaski was convulsed with rage. He rode madly upon the bayonets of the pursuing English, his sword gathering victim after victim; even there, in front of their whole army, he flung his steed across the path of the retreating Americans; he besought them, in his broken English to turn, to make one more effort; he shouted in hoarse tones that the day was not yet lost. They did not understand his words, but the tones in which they were spoken thrilled his blood. That picture, too, standing out from the clouds of battle—a warrior convulsed with passion, covered with blood, leaning over the neck of his steed, while his eyes seemed turned to fire, and the muscles of his bronzed face writhed like a serpents—that picture, I say, filled many a heart with new courage, nerved many a wounded arm for the fight again. Those retreating men turned—they faced the enemy again—like greyhounds at bay before the wolf—they sprang upon the necks of the foe and bore them down by one desperate charge.

It was at this moment that Washington came rushing once more to the battle. The people know but little of the American general who call him the American Fabius, that is a compound of prudence and caution, with but a spark of enterprise. American Fabius! When you will show me that the Roman Fabius had a heart of fire, nerves of steel, a soul that hungered for the charge, an enterprise that rushed from the winds like the Sippack, upon the British at Germantown, or started from ice and snow like that which lay across the Delaware, upon hordes like those of the Hessians at Trenton—then I will lower Washington down to Fabius. This comparison of our heroes with the barbarians and demi-gods of Rome, only illustrates the poverty of the mind that makes it. Compare Brutus, the assassin of his friend, with Washington, the savior of the people! Cicero, the opponent of Cataline, with Henry, the champion of a continent! What beggary of thought! Let us learn to be a little independent, to know our great men as they were, not by comparison with the barbarian heroes of old Rome. Let us learn that Washington was no negative thing, but all chivalry and genius. It was in the battle of Brandywine that this truth was made plain. He beheld his men hewn down by the British; he heard them shriek his name, and regardless of his personal safety, he rushed to join them. Yes, it was in the dread havoc of that retreat that Washington, rushing forward into the very centre of the melee, was entangled in the enemy's troops, on the top of a high hill, southwest of the meeting-house, while Pulaski was sweeping on with his grim smile to have one more bout with the eager red coats. Washington was in terrible danger—his troops were rushing to the south—the British troops came sweeping up the hill and around him—while Pulaski, on a hill some hundred yards distant, was scattering a parting blessing among the hordes of Hanover. It was a glorious prize this Mister Washington, in the hearts of the British army.

Suddenly the Polander turned—his eye caught sight of the iron-grey and his rider. There was but a moment. With one impulse that iron band wheeled their war horses, and then a dark body, solid and compact, was speeding over the valley like a thunderbolt from the sky—three hundred swords rose glittering in the faint glimpse of sunlight. In front of the avalanche, with his form raised to its full height, a dark frown on his brow, a fierce smile on his lip, rode Pulaski. Like a spirit roused into life by the thunderbolt, he rode—his eyes were fixed upon the iron-grey and its rider—his hand had but one look, one shout, for Washington. The British troops had encircled the American leader—already they felt sure of their prey—already the head of the traitor, Washington, seemed to yawn above the gates of London. But that trembling of the earth in the valley yonder. What does it mean? That terrible beating of hoofs, what does it portend? That ominous silence, and now that shout not of words nor names, but that half yell, half hurrah, which bursts from the Iron Men, as they scent their prey. What does it all mean? Pulaski is on our track! The terror of the British army is in our wake! And on he came—he and his gallant band. A moment, and he swept over the Britishers—crushed, mangled, dead, dying, they strewed the green sod—he had passed over the hill—he had passed the form of Washington. Another moment! And the iron band had wheeled—back in the the same career of death they came! Routed, defeated, crushed, the redcoats flee from the form of George Washington—they encircle him in their forms of oak, their swords of steel—the shout of his name shrieks through the air, and away to the American host they bear him in all a soldier's battle joy.

It was at Savannah that night came down upon Pulaski. Yes, I see him now, under the gloom of night, riding forward toward yonder ramparts, his black steed rearing aloft, while two hundred of his iron men follow at his back. Right on, neither looking to the right or left, he rides, his eyes fixed upon the cannon of the British, his sword gleaming over his head. For the last time they hear that war cry—"Forwarts, Brudren, Forwarts!" They saw the black horse plunging forward, his fore-feet resting on the cannon of the enemy, while his warrior rider arose in all the pride of his form, and his face bathed in a flood of red light. The flash once gone, they saw Pulaski no more. But they found him; yes, beneath the enemy's cannon crushed by the cannon that killed his steed—yes, they found them, the horse and his rider resting together in death, that noble face glaring in the midnight sky with glassy eyes. So in his glory he died. Died while America and Poland were yet in chains. He died in the stout hope that they would both one day be free. With regard to America, his hope has been fulfilled, but Poland—

Tell me, shall not the day come when yonder monument—erected by those warm Southern hearts, near Savannah—will yield up its dead? For Poland will be free at last, as sure as God is just, as sure as He governs the universe. Then when re-created Poland rears her eagle aloft again among the banners of nations, will her children come to Savannah to gather up the ashes of our hero and bear him home, with the chant of priests, with the thunder of cannon, with the tears of millions, even as repentant France bore back her own Napoleon. Yes, the day is coming, when Kosciusko and Pulaski will sleep side by side beneath the soil of re-created Poland!

A case of extreme hardship lately overtook an Indianapolis man. He had achieved in the short space of thirty years five divorces, and the sixth was pending when sickness put him on his death-bed. To hear that man's prayers for life to linger till the sixth decree could be entered was truly heart rending. Six divorces had been the limit of his ambition—the aim of his life; but the fell destroyer lamented not; that hoosier died married, and was compelled to knock at the pearly gates with only five divorces for his passport.

The voice of the people has been expressed against centralization. That, says the Hartford *Times*, was the prominent issue. The airs put on by Grant and his administration, when they took the people by the throat and kicked over the results of popular elections, have at last roused the people, and they have acted. It is gratifying to find that the sentiment against personal government, north, west and south, is running uniformly on the side of the rights of the states and local government.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* calls attention to the fact that the gold price of silver bullion is now so low that the fractional silver coin of the United States are worth no more in gold than greenbacks. It is therefore suggested that we have silver fractional coin in circulation instead of postal currency.

The Last Stroke of Fortune.

Twenty years ago an old house was standing in Cologne, which showed to the street a frontage containing five small windows. It was the house in which the first painter of the Flemish school, the immortal Rubens, was born, A. D. 1756. Sixty years later than this date, the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoemaker and his wife. The upper story, which was usually let to lodgers, was empty at the time we write of. Two lodgers, however, occupied the garret. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

"You had better go up stairs, again," said the man to his wife, "and see how the poor lady is. The old gentleman went out early and has not been in since. Has she not taken anything?"

"It is only half an hour since I was up stairs, and he had not come in. I took her some broth at noon, but she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three; she was asleep then, and at five she said she would not want anything more."

"Poor lady! This time of year, and neither fire nor warm clothes, and not even a decent bed to lie on; and yet I am sure she is somebody or other. Have you noticed the respect with which the old gentleman treats her?"

"If she wants for anything it is her own fault. That ring she wears on her finger could get her the best of everything."

Then came a knock at the door, and the woman admitted the old man they had just spoken of, whose grizzled beard fell down upon his tarnished velvet coat. The hostess sadly wanted to have a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and bidding them a short "good night," groped his way up the steep and crooked staircase. On entering the chamber above, a feeble voice inquired the cause of his long absence.

"I could not help it," he said. "I had been copying manuscript, and as I was on my way here a servant met me, who desired me to raise the horoscope of two ladies who were passing through the town; they were ladies whom I have known before. I thought I could thus get a little money to pay for some simples that will be of service to you."

"I am cold."

"It is fever cold. I will make you something which you must take directly."

The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient, having taken what the old man provided, was carefully covered up by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless till he perceived that she was fast asleep, and indeed long after; he then retired to a small closet and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better that her attendant proposed that she should endeavor to leave the house for a little while, and he succeeded in getting her to go as far as the Place Saint Cecilia. It was seldom that she left the house, for, notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

"Do you see that person yonder?" she said suddenly; "if I am not mistaken it is the Duke of Guise."

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he had now approached them.

"Parblen!" said he, "why this is Mascali. What, are you married?"

"He does not know me," sighed the lady. "I must have altered."

Mascali had, however, whispered a single word into the Duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunderbolt; but instantly recovering himself, he hastily took off his hat and bowed nearly to the ground.

"I beg your forgiveness," said he, "but my eys are grown so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honor of meeting you—"

"For the love of God," interrupted the lady hastily, "name me not here. A title would strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?"

"Three days. I am on my way from Italy. I took refuge here when our common enemy drove me forth and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going to Brussels."

And what are your advices from France? Is the helm still in the hands of that wretched caitiff?"

"He is in the zenith of his power."

"See, my lord duke, your fortunes and my own are much alike. You, the son of a man who, had he not too much despised danger, might well have set the crown on his own head, and I, once the queen of the mightiest nation in the universe; and now both of us alike—but adieu," she said suddenly, and drawing herself up, "the sight of you, my lord duke, has refreshed me much, and I pray that fortune may once more smile upon your steps."

"Permit me to attend your majesty to—"

A slight color tinged the lady's features as she answered with a gently commanding tone—

"Leave us, my Lork Duke, it is our pleasure."

Guise bowed low, and taking the lady's hand, he pressed it reverently to his lips. At the corner of the street he met some one, to whom he pointed out the old lady, and then hastened away.

The next morning a knock at the door announced a person who was inquiring for Monsieur Mascali; he had a small package for him, and also a billet. Inside this was written:

Two hundred louis d'or constitute the whole of my present fortune; one hundred I send for your use.

GUISE."

And the package contained a hundred louis d'or.

The sum thus obtained sufficed to supply the wants of the pair two long years; but the last louis d'or had been changed and the lady and her companion were still without friendly succor. The shoemaker and his wife had undertaken a journey to Aix-la-Chapelle to take up some small legacy. It was the 13th of February, 1632. A low sound of moaning might have been heard issuing from a garret. A withered female form, more like a skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw, in the agonies of death. The moans grew more and more distinct; a slight rattling in the throat was at length the only audible sound, and this also ceased. An hour later an old man, dressed in rags and tatters, entered the chambers; but one word had escaped his lips as he stumbled up the rickety staircase. "Nothing! nothing!" He drew near the bed listlessly, but in a moment he seized an arm of the corpse with a convulsive motion; and, letting it suddenly fall, he cried:

"Dead, dead of hunger, cold and starvation!"

And this lady was Mary of Medicis, wife of Henry IV, Queen Regent of France, mother of Louis XIII, of Isabella, Queen of Spain; of Henrietta, Queen of England; of Christina, Duchess of Savoy; of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, dead of hunger, cold and misery; and yet Louis XIII, the cowardly tool of Richelieu, his mother's murderer, is still called "the Just."—*American Register, Paris.*

"Mary" wrote to her "Dear John" to "Comet afpastate."

Joaquin Miller has written about "A storm in Venice." Mrs. Miller is probably there.

When Noah made the ark fast with a cable or two there was a tied' in the affairs of men taken at the flood.

A man in danger of being hanged said that of all the games of his childhood skipping the rope would be most agreeable.

Frederick, Maryland, is exhibiting "a jackass with the gift of speech." Has Steel, of the Washington *Chronicle*, strayed up country?—*Cin Times*

According to an Auburn paper, they are going to put up in that city an addition to their seminary, "to accomodate eighty-six students 200 feet long."

Gov. Seymour has declined being a candidate for the U S. senatorship. Now walk up, Mr. Hoffman, or any other man.—*Rep.*

Horatio Seymour declines to be senator from New York; yet the truth remains that there is no other citizen of this state so fitted for the post as he.—*N. Y. Sun.*